

THE COMING MAN.

A Story That Reads Like One of
Jules Verne's.

about the ordinary size, although I have seen them nearly three times as big. I'd rather meet them in the open than in a narrow alley. I found almost any market in San Francisco you will find them from ten to twelve feet long. They are sold by the pound to the Chinese, and sometimes to Frenchmen. The Chinese call them *Chien* and the French *Chien*. Kwei Yu, and they are very fond of them. The Italians and Frenchmen always wanted them clemmed, but Chinamen wouldn't buy them unless they were fresh. One day I sold about fifty of them to an old Chinaman, who was so particular about their having bills and suckers, on that I sent a boy to follow me. The doctor, who paid the old chap more for the suckers and bills than he had paid me for the entire lot. It seems that these parts were valuable to them as a medicine. He offered me a good price for my sales. They taste something like frogs, but are too soft and jelly-like to snit me. Angel island is a great place for them, and any pleasant day you can see them. One day I was among the rocks at low tide, or hauling long nets for them.

"The largest one I ever saw alive had a spread of about twenty-two feet. It was a small one, but I was not looking was knocking about 'Frisco, where I met a friend who had got together a party to go up the coast somewhere near Vancouver's island, and hunt for the big fish and the big eels. One day we discovered the old bulk in about four fathoms. In the crew were two half breeds from Mexico, who could swim under water. It seems to me, now, that I was the only one who was afraid to go down. The half breeds and when they went down they carried a heavy stone to sink them, and a rope

knocking about "Frisco, where I met a friend who had got together a party to go up the coast somewhere near Vancouver's island, and hunt for a rich wreck, and I shipped. We discovered the old bulk in about four fathoms. In the crew were two half breeds from Mexico, who could stop under water. It seems to me, about ten years ago. They were pearl divers, and the Panama cargo was so heavy that they went down they carried a heavy stone to sink them, and a rope to make fast to anything they could find. When the oldest diver slipped over we could follow him on the bottom by the air bubbles. His mate held a small life line that he signaled by. In

about four minutes the signal came, and we hurried away. He came aboard with me, and I saw that he had had a good deal to eat, as he was sitting down on a cask or a box, and that as soon as he moved it a cloud of mud or sand rose, as if some big fish had moved, and thinking of sharks, he had come up for his knife, which the gentleman with the red coat had taken from him. He seemed somewhat winded, and the other man said he would go. Taking a sharp knife in his mouth he was lowered down, and was soon out of sight. After he had been down about half a minute, the skipper pulled on the life line that nearly jerked the skipper overboard. We pulled and pulled until it was evident something was wrong, and we all gave way hard, and by the way it came we thought the whole wreck was coming up. The man came up, and Pedro's head out of water, but the sight of it almost made us drop the line. The poor fellow seemed almost covered with a mass of snakes, that were twisted all over him. He was screaming, "Help! Help!" We writhed about, some round his neck, others around his arms and body, while fastened to his breast was a big bag-like body with a pair of eyes like a

cats, with the same green light you find in the eyes of a cat. The diver and the other diver knew what it was, and sung out for knives. We couldn't get it on deck, because three or four of the arms were along under the bow cable. The diver lowered himself, and putting his knife in his belt, he came up in two minutes. The skipper in the real-time was at work in the forechains, and he cut off the arms. Then with a jerk we had the man on deck. He was half dead, and we had to cut the octopus from him piece by piece, and then we hung his chest and head to be cut out. It took us half an hour to clear him, as each sucker—and there were hundreds of them—brought blood when it was torn off. We filled two buckets with it, and the whole animal must have weighed 250 pounds.

and probably more. We put it together afterward on the deck, and it measured from the tip of one arm to the tip of the opposite one, twenty-two feet.

It seems that the first man down started the thing, and when the next man reached the bottom he was tied up in a knot. For a minute he couldn't use his knife, and when he did make a cut the animal let go its hold on the bottom and sprang at him, and in that way we hauled him up.

PORECLAIN.

The Chinese were the inventors of porcelain, and other nations have only been able to imitate their achievements afar off, and with inferior technical skill. The excellences of Chinese porcelain consist in the fineness of the material and its perfection of manipulation in the first place; next come the beauty and purity of the single colors which pieces large and small display.

and the boldness or the delicacy, as the case may be, of the flowers and arabesques with which others are decorated. Something, too, must be said of the shapes, which are often of a beauty and dignity that deserve almost to be called classic; the Chinese in their important pieces avoid singularity and the grotesque, and their purity of line gives to the larger pieces, and even to many of those of small size, a certain monumental gravity.

